

Seventh Story in the Absorbing Raffles Series
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SONS

*We clinked glasses, swimming
with the liquid gold of Steinberg*

It was halfpast 10 when we left the flat in an interval of silence on the noisy street. The night was not yet over its early life. Yet for me a surprise was in store upon the very landing. Instead of going downstairs Raffles led me up two flights, and so out upon a perfectly flat roof.

"There are two entrances to these mansions," he explained between such admiring remarks as "how nice, how nice," "What a room! the corner. But there's only one porter, and he lives on the basement underneath us and affects the door nearest home. We go by the back stairs, and we run less risk of old Theobald. I got the tip from the postman, who came up one way and down the other. Now, follow me and look out!"

There was to be some necessity for caution, for each half of the building had its L-shaped well dropping sheer to the base, the parapets so low that one could see the other's over the top into eternity. However, we were soon upon the second staircase, which opened on the roof like the first. After twenty minutes of such a journey, we were in an admirable mansion, skimming it.

"Not much change in the old hole, Banny. More of these magic-lantern advertisements, but the same old things. We were a bit of taste in town, though it's saying something in that equestrian statue with the gilt stirrups and things. Why don't they take the old boots and shoes and put some new ones in? They're a disgrace while they are about it."

"* * * More bicyclists, of course. That was just beginning, if you remember. It might have been a little later."

"I don't like the old club getting put into a crate for the jubilee. Banny, we ought to go there. I wouldn't lean forward in a Piquette chair."

"I don't like the thought of, and we shall have to be jolly careful at Kellner's."

"* * * Ah, there it is! Did I tell you? I was a lowdown stage Yankee at it a year ago. I was another while the waiter's in the room."

We had the little room upstairs and of the very threshold I, even I, who knew my Raffles of old, had never seen. It was a room, I was told, which had been called his apartment to it in a whisper.

"Why, yep!" came through his nose.

"Say, boy, the lady, she's not coming."

"What?"

"I'd like to pay you fifteen dollars if there's a

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